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THE DAILY MIRROR, Saturday, December 26, 1914.

THE WILLIES' PANTOMIME TRANSFORMATION SCENE: CARTOON

# The Daily Mirror

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1914

One Halfpenny.

CHRISTMAS IN THE ALPS: THE SWISS ARMY IS READY IF  
GERMANY TEARS UP ANOTHER SCRAP OF PAPER.



The children enjoy tobogganing in the snow.



A Swiss soldier on outpost duty on the frontier. He is on skis.



Ration box that keeps hot for two days.



Bringing a military horse through the deep snow.



Swiss soldiers living in snow house.

People are enjoying Christmas in a very cheerful spirit in the Alps. The Swiss Army has been mobilised, and the military authorities of Switzerland are faced with the task of guarding the snow-clad Alpine frontiers amid mountain peaks 13,000ft. high and in

snowdrifts that are 10ft. deep. But Germany has not yet violated the neutrality of Switzerland in the same cynical spirit in which she devastated Belgium. Even if she does, the Swiss Army is quite ready. —(Daily Mirror photographs.)



## OLD FRIENDS WE LOVE FOR EVER.

Droll Dickens Characters in "David Copperfield" at His Majesty's.

### 'UMBLE URIAH.

"I really think something has turned up." When Sir Herbert Tree, in the character of that immortal impetuous optimist, Mr. Micawber, made this remark on the stage of His Majesty's Theatre on Christmas Eve in the wonderful production of "David Copperfield" the whole house laughed and then it cheered.

The remark was appropriate to the occasion. It expressed the general feeling that a great Christmas entertainment had "turned up" for London in Mr. Louis N. Parker's stage version of the most human novel in the English language.

Nearly all the delightful Copperfield characters that we have known and loved ever since we were children were living on the stage before our eyes.

Aunt Betsey Trotwood was vividly represented by Miss Agnes Thomas, who tickled the house to laughter with her insistence in the fact that Mr. Dick was really a remarkable man. Mr. Dick, capably played by Mr. Nigel Playfair, is there, and quite unable to keep King Charles's head in the dialogue.

### FOGIES INTERRUPTED.

We do not see David in his childhood, but we see him as a grown man just making his way in the world.

There is a lovely scene in Aunt Betsey's garden, where we are made to feel how foolish David was to reject the influence of Agnes for so long.

Then we follow David to the coffee-room of the Golden Cross Hotel, where he meets his old idol Steerforth, and accidentally interrupts the dinner of the most important people in the room.

We go on then with David to old Dan'l Peggoty's boathouse at Yarmouth. Here is Little Em'ly, fresh and fragrant as spring flowers, and Mrs. Gummidge as lugubrious as ever over memories of the "old un."

Next we are transported to the Wickfield quiet garden, in the shadows of Canterbury Cathedral. Uriah Heep "umble" as ever, is lurking in the shadows here, but we soon forget Uriah when we meet the redoubtable Mr. Micawber and Mrs. Micawber, not to mention the olive branches.

Sir Herbert Tree plays Wilkins Micawber and Dan'l Peggoty. The two pillars of, of course, entirely dissimilar from each other, and in playing this dual part Sir Herbert gives the finest exhibition of character acting we have seen from him for a good many years.

Mrs. Micawber (Miss Sydney Smith) is delightful, while Miss Jessie Winter makes a charmingly pathetic study of Little Em'ly.

Mr. Owen Nares is excellent as David Copperfield. So is Mr. Basil Gill as Steerforth.

### TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPAL BOY.

The Lord Mayor attended the first performance of "Aladdin" at the London Opera House on Thursday afternoon, when this house seemed to be filled mainly by famous people and soldiers, all in the best of spirits.

"Aladdin" is quite a triumph in its way, and the triumph is a personal one. London has long wanted a "principal boy" with genius, and London has found her in the person of Miss Claire Romaine.

Her performance of Aladdin at the London Opera House is quite the most remarkable thing of its kind that has been seen on the London stage for years.

There is no other principal boy in this country who could disguise her perfect technique under an assumption of cheerful inconsequence with the same success as Miss Romaine.

The London Opera House have certainly made a discovery in their Aladdin, and she should draw all London.

The soldiers who formed the greater part of the audience on Thursday afternoon turned themselves into a choir and sang all Miss Romaine's choruses with infinite enthusiasm.

"The Ballet of Babyland" is a delightful feature in this pantomime, which is really quite a gorgeous production.

### SAVED TWO WOUNDED COMRADES.

The Medal for Distinguished Conduct in the field, says a Thursday supplement to the *London Gazette*, has been awarded to No. 8221 Private H. Graham, 1st Battalion the Royal Scots Fusiliers, for the following acts of gallantry:

During a temporary retirement from a forward position on September 14, near Vailly, he carried a wounded comrade under a heavy fire into safety, and then, on hearing that another wounded man had been left behind, he at once returned and brought him also away to cover.

### FEWER YULETIDE WEDDINGS.

"This is the quietest Christmas for weddings we have ever known," *The Daily Mirror* was told yesterday by a number of London vergers.

At a Southwark church only six couples were married, whereas as a rule there are eighteen or twenty weddings on Christmas morning.

The explanation of this slump is that at the outbreak of war many couples were married at once instead of waiting until Christmas.

## "WE'RE WINNING."

The British Soldier Explains Why Christmas Leave Has Been Given.

### JOKES FROM THE TRENCHES.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, Dec. 24.—It was the jolliest of all my crossings and the boat was packed with the fittest and merriest men, all hard as nails and straight from the fighting-line, with the mud of the trenches caked on their worn khaki uniforms.

The holiday spirit was everywhere. There was not a dull moment and the merry-makers were our own "Tommys," the first of them to be sent home on leave.

Many had crept from trenches only a few hundred yards from the Germans.

Schoolboys home for the holidays were never a happier crowd and until the motion of the waves interfered many little groups waltzed and cake-walked to the stirring notes of mouth organs.

"We have mouth organs in the trenches; it's a nice, handy little band," explained a soldier to a group of lady passengers.

Not one of them wounded, all brown-faced, hard and fit, and, "Think of it," said a jolly young private, "here's us home for Christmas and the Kaiser trying to smash through."

"It only shows how tight we've got him, for we wouldn't be here if we weren't winning."

Souvenirs were being shown to the passengers on deck in the shape of German helmets and ammunition; while down below the tables were crowded with Tommies and passengers taking tea, and many were busily engaged writing their names on large, hard "soldiers' biscuits" fresh from very muddy knapsacks for fair autograph collectors.

"I took a little stone I wedged myself into a carriage full of mud and khaki, and what a jolly party we were!"

If a man dozed quietly in a corner a "pal" would surely play a joke—"Look out, 'Darkie,' 'Old Scuttle's' coming!"

Then at the stations the jokes went on. "Where are we now? Oh, yes, this is Neuport, or 'p'raps it's Xpres, though!" and so on.

Nobody quite knew for certain how the holiday was to be spent, but one and all mentioned a hot bath as a great treat in store.

## KING'S LONELY WALK.

Belgium's Heroic Monarch Whose Face Is Now Stamped with Tragedy.

A solitary walk along the Belgian sea coast has become an almost daily feature in the life of King Albert during the past few weeks.

"A deserted spot is that which he chooses, and often in the hour of twilight he strolls there oblivious to the cold and with his hands clasped behind his back," writes a young Belgian who has just arrived in England from the Belgian fighting lines.

"His eyes wander over sea and land—an expression of great gravity stamped upon his face."

"King Albert, as he is to-day, only vaguely resembles the published portraits of him."

"The frightful tragedy of the Belgian people is reflected in his face."

"Every now and then, as patrols pass to and fro to relieve sentries along the coast the King stops in his walk to talk to them."

"He loves his soldiers, and he does all he can for their good."

"He greets them with a cheery 'Good-morning, comrades!'"

"Good-morning, sire!" reply the men easily, while some less acquainted with the rules of etiquette say, "Good-morning, King!"

"His soldiers adore him, and it is for his sake that Belgium's brave little army hurls itself again and again at a ruthless and formidable enemy."

## GIRLS WHO FLED BY NIGHT

How two British Pupils in Liege Convent Evaded German Sentries.

### CRAWLED OVER FRONTIER.

How two English schoolgirls at a convent near Liege made fruitless efforts for four months to leave Belgium after the German occupation, and how finally they escaped over the Dutch frontier on a dark night, was told to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

Miss Florence Walter, a Balham girl, nineteen years of age, and her friend have only just succeeded in reaching their anxious relatives and friends in this country.

"There were a number of other English girls at the convent," said Miss Walter, but whenever we applied to the German officers we were refused military permits to leave.

"Life under the Germans was unbearable, for we were exposed to all sorts of dangers—so, we decided to escape."

"That night my friend and myself tramped for hours through a fir wood to Cheval Blanc, and then on to Verviers and Ensival."

But at four o'clock the next morning we had risen, and an hour later were sitting, together with nearly a dozen others, in a merchant's cart slowly wending its way to the Dutch frontier.

After a weary journey of six hours, and shivering with fright—for we did not know how our venture would end—we arrived at the little frontier village of Moulins.

"We visited the only inn in the village—a dirty little place of only one room, which was crowded. For hours we racked our brains for some plan to pass the frontier."

"Finally we started out along the muddy roads after dark, but found we were being followed by a sentinel, so we returned to the inn."

Then a man, whom we and several refugees bribed, led us through a garden at the back of the inn.

"On our hands and knees we groped in the mud under some barbed wire entanglements, climbed several hedges, dodged a number of sentries, and finally crossed the frontier."

## "TOMMY" AS SANTA CLAUS

Wounded British Soldiers in Paris Have Turkey and Christmas Tree.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Dec. 24.—British soldiers recovering from their wounds in the hospitals of Paris and environs spent a good old-fashioned Christmas.

"They are fairly spoiling us," said Sergeant Pitman, of the Northampton, whom I met at the Hertford British Hospital, at Levallois.

Disguised as Santa Claus, he paraded the wards, wearing the white beard and traditional cloak of Father Christmas.

The day's festivities began with real Christmas Day luncheon, including turkey, roast beef and plum pudding. A musical entertainment followed, at which Sir Francis Bertie, the British Ambassador, was present.

The soldiers had decorated the walls with holly and mistletoe and had erected a big Christmas tree.

Every man was asked what he would like best for a Christmas present. Most of the "Tommys" expressed a desire for hair-brushes, hand-mirrors, razor strops, tobacco pouches, writing pads and similar articles, while others preferred chocolate, plum cakes and mince pies.

One young private shyly remarked that he did not want anything, but would be very pleased to have something for his girl.

A French lady to whom this request was made was so charmed by "Tommy's" gallantry that she gave him a pretty silk sachet for his sweetheart and another present for himself.

A figure of a tombstone inscribed, "In Memory of My Dear Friend," is tattooed on the body of an unknown man found drowned at Shore, near Rochester.



Our sailors and soldiers thoroughly enjoy themselves at the World's Fair which is held every Christmas at Arlington.

## PARIS A POEM OF HALF-TONE MODES.

Black, White and Grey Favourite Colours for Winter Fashions.

### "CHINCHILLA RABBIT."

Paris, December 24, 1914.

Chère Amie,—Our beautiful "City of Light" is now a poem in half-tones, more fascinating than ever.

Many of the important shops—especially those in the rue de la Paix—are open. Nearly all the big Magasins de Nouveautés are crowded from early morning to late afternoon. There are well-dressed women in the streets and quite a number of visitors at the hotels.

It is eminently a winter of black and white and grey. Deep, rich colours are, of course, worn, but by far the greater number of the new gowns and hats created by well-known artists exploit half-tones.

Grey, in every known shade, is in the full flood of favour, and one of the most popular pelts of the immediate moment is chinchilla-dyed rabbit.

This sounds a funny sort of fur, but in reality it is extremely effective. Only the very best skins are used, and the chinchilla effects are imitated most cunningly.

### DOLL MUFFS.

I have just seen a wrap coat, trimmed with this fur. It was a three-quarter length coat, with a very wide hem and leg of mutton sleeve. The material was steel grey velveteen.

The top part was almost light-fitting, in 1880 style, and the coat was fastened down the front by flat, very large buttons made of dark grey horn. The hem of the coat was bordered with a band of chinchilla-rabbit, also the sleeves and neck.

There was no fur down the fronts, but the wrap was accompanied by one of the new miniature barrel muffs which seem as though they might have been made for a large doll.

I must not forget to mention that the dress which was to be worn in conjunction with the grey velveteen coat had one of the short, very wide skirts which are now all the rage.

These skirts show the whole of the feet up to above the ankles, and naturally they make considerable demands on what our American cousins call "footwear."

### KHAKI "ROUGH AND READIES."

So far as wrap coats are concerned, the choice of material is wide. You can have velours de laine, blanket-cloth, frieze, velveteen in a heavy make, supply faced cloth, etc., etc.

The chief thing is that the coat should be almost tight at the bust and waist and immensely loose at the hem. The sleeves can be cut like those of a man's overcoat, or they can take a leg o' mutton line, if your ideas run towards things picturesque.

You must have a high band of fur round your neck, and you must not have bands of fur down the fronts.

The favourite furs of this winter are beaver, otter, marmot, astrakhan and monkey fur.

One of the most important tailors in Paris is making a speciality of rough-and-ready costumes made of dark khaki gabardine. The coats are distinctly military in outline; some of them even show a belt and a sword belt, which looks slightly out of place, but attractive.

All good wishes from your devoted friend,

NADINE.

### BATTLEFIELD CONCERTS.

The British concert party who are to give songs and sketches on the battlefield in France leaves London to-morrow morning.

The party is under the direction of Mr. Seymour Hicks, and will include Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Ellaline Terriss, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Willie Frame, Miss Ivy St. Helier, Mr. Will Van Allen and Eli and Olga Hudson.

"We are not going to give any broad, low comedy," Mr. Hicks told *The Daily Mirror*. "That was a special stipulation. But we are certain to give some light comedy songs. We shall make a special effort to be at the biggest Scottish base on New Year's Eve, for Mr. Willie Frame, the Scottish comedian, is sure to be especially welcome that night."

### OFFICER AND HOTEL SCENE.

Temporary Second Lieutenant Percy Kennealy, R.F.A., was found guilty at a general court-martial held at Chelsea Barracks on Saturday.

He was charged with using abusive language towards Major W. H. Compton (Royal Fusiliers) in the Winter Gardens of the Hotel Metropole at Brighton on November 29, and with being drunk on the same day.

The sentence of the Court will be announced in due course.

### WOMEN RESCUED FROM CITY BLAZE

There has been another big Christmas fire in London.

The outbreak occurred at Messrs. Beck and Pillizer, wharfingers and shipping agents, Upper Thames-street.

There were exciting scenes when three women caretakers and a girl appeared on an iron bridge connecting the upper part of the building.

Their escape was cut off by the flames, but they were eventually rescued by means of telescopic ladders.



# SHEERNESS FIGHT WITH GERMAN AEROPLANE BOUND FOR LONDON

**British Airmen Hit and Drive Off Kaiser's "Eagle."**

**BATTLE IN THE AIR OVER THE THAMES.**

**Flying Hun Drops a Bomb on Dover and "Kills" a Cabbage.**

**ALLIES TAKE FIRST LINE OF TRENCHES.**

A German airman tried to make a raid on London yesterday but he was forced to turn tail at Sheerness.

That London was his objective may, perhaps, be assumed from the War Office statement issued last night.

The raiding airman was flying "east to west over Sheerness," just at the time people were having their Christmas dinner.

But the Kaiser's childish attempt to "frighten" the Metropolis was a fiasco, for the British aircraft at Sheerness chased the flying Hun, hit him three or four times, and drove him off seaward.

According to unofficial accounts two foreign aeroplanes were seen at Southend.

The first German air raid on Britain occurred on Thursday, when a bomb was dropped on Dover.

It "killed" a cabbage, tore a hole in a garden and smashed many windows.

**CHRISTMAS DAY RAID THAT FAILED.**

**Flying Hun Hit Three or Four Times—Bomb That Dropped on Dover.**

The following official announcement was made last night by the Secretary to the War Office:—

"A hostile aeroplane was sighted to-day at 12.55 p.m. flying very high east to west over Sheerness.

"British aircraft went up in pursuit and engaged the enemy, who, after being hit three or four times, was driven off seaward."

With regard to the raid on Dover on Thursday, the following announcement was made on that day by the Secretary to the War Office:—

"An enemy's aeroplane was seen over Dover this morning about 10.55.

"It dropped a bomb, which fell in a garden and exploded, but did no damage. The aeroplane was only seen for a few seconds, and left again oversea.

"British aircraft went up at once, but did not see the enemy again. The weather was foggy and cloudy."

**"TWO SIGHTED AT SOUTHEND."**

Two foreign aeroplanes, says the Central News, were sighted off Southend yesterday, and they were fired upon.

The aeroplanes, which were about 6,000ft. high, were flying at great speed towards the north of the river.

The fusillade began just after one o'clock and lasted for about a quarter of an hour, attracting the attention of many thousands of people who flocked on to the promenade.

There was a thick fog in the early part of the day, but the weather was quite clear when the aeroplanes were sighted.

The aeroplanes got away from the locality.

**LEFT THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER.**

A tremendous firing of guns was heard at Southend at 1.35 p.m., says a Press Association message. People left their Christmas dinners and made for the cliffs, where by means of glasses they saw two large aeroplanes between Southend and Sheerness proceeding at full speed and at a great height in the direction of the North Sea.

**CHASE OF THE RAIDER.**

The Taube which flew over Sheppey was last seen in the direction of Sheerness going at a very high speed, says the Press Association's Sheerness correspondent.

It was apparently making for the East Coast, with the object of crossing the North Sea.

Three machines went up to try to outflank the German aeroplane; but the latter was flying too fast to allow of the success of the manoeuvre. The machine apparently was beyond the range of the anti-aeroplane guns, several of which were fired.

Nothing has been heard of any bombs being dropped.

It is stated in Dover, says the Central News, that a German aeroplane, flying at a great

height, passed over the River Medway and Herne Bay.

At Dover aeroplanes and a seaplane were out all day scouting, the latter coming from the direction of the North Sea yesterday afternoon.

**SHOT FOR SHOT IN AIR.**

Another account from Southend says that there were two German airmen in a biplane.

The biplane hove in sight at 1.30, flying very high. Three biplanes gave chase.

Two British craft were flying above him pressing him down on to the hail of lead poured out by the biplane beneath—a strikingly big and powerful machine.

For five minutes Sheerness saw this wonderful picture as the four aircraft went by at a terrific speed blazing away at one another.

The German fought gallantly, returning shot for shot, but the pace was too hot.

"While the battle raged up above," said an eye-witness, "the land guns could not fire for fear of hitting the English machines."

"The German clearly counted on this, for, hemmed in on three sides, he suddenly decided to make a dash for it and circled higher and higher into the clouds."

"It seemed as if there must be a terrible collision at any moment, but our men skillfully avoided this."

"The enemy succeeded, disappeared, and the next we knew was when our machines returned at four o'clock safe and sound after flying without securing their quarry."

**BOMB TEARS HUGE HOLE IN DOVER J.P.'s GARDEN.**

"Earthquake Tremors" and Roaring Sound When Missile Fell from Hostile Aeroplane.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DOVER, Dec. 25.—A German airman celebrated Christmas Eve by a raid on Dover. He threw a bomb, which fortunately did no serious damage.

The bomb was undoubtedly meant for Dover Castle but went wide and fell into a large garden about 400 yards to the south of the fortifications.

The aeroplane, which arrived from across Channel about 11 a.m., was of the Taube pattern. All those who saw it stated it looked like a big seagull.

It successfully evaded observation until the bomb was thrown. This was due to the fact that it was flying at a height of about 5,000ft., and that there was a fair amount of cloud over the Channel.

The noise of the explosion was heard all over the town, the bomb detonating with a kind of muffled roar.

Investigations showed that the bomb had fallen in a large garden belonging to Mr. Thomas Terson, J.P., and had torn up a great cavity about 9ft. long, 5ft. wide, and 5ft. deep.

A summer-house was wrecked and glass blown out of greenhouses.

St. James's Rectory, which is occupied by the Rev. T. B. Watkins and his family, adjoins this garden, and at the rectory and church villas, which are near by, large numbers of windows were blown out.

An unpleasant adventure befell John Banks, a gardener, who was up a tree in the rectory grounds, cutting some evergreen for the Christmas decorations in the church.

The violence of the concussion blew Banks

out of the tree and he fell heavily some 10ft., sustaining considerable shock.

The houses around the vicinity where the bomb exploded were shaken as if by an earthquake.

The airman's movements could be followed as he emerged from the clouds and flew across a patch of blue sky.

He then turned seaward, having, no doubt, seen the preparations of the British airmen to chase him.

A minute or two after he had gone out over the Channel two aeroplanes and a seaplane shot into the sky from the Dover station and chased the invader out across the Channel, but he had a good lead, and the chase was unsuccessful.

**ALLIES' STRONG ADVANCE.**

PARIS, Dec. 25.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

To the north-east of Albert we have taken possession of part of the village of La Boisselle, situated to the south-west of the church, and also of an advanced trench to the south of the village.

To the north of Roye, at Lihou, near Lihons, we have also made some progress.

These various attacks, carried out with much spirit, have everywhere maintained the ground gained.

To the south of the Oise our artillery has overthrown the defensive organisations of the enemy in the region of Bailly and on the plateau of Nouvron.

**SEVERAL ATTACKS REPULSED.**

On the Aisne and in the Champagne country there have been artillery duels and several German attacks have been repulsed.

To the north of Saingnau, near Berry-au-Bac notably, a slight advance by our troops was followed by a violent counter-attack by the enemy, which completely failed.

To the north of Meziul we have taken possession of a wood which had been strongly held by the enemy eastward of the trenches taken by us on the 23rd.

To the north-west of Meziul and to the east of Porches we have chased the enemy from the sections of the trenches he still occupied, and we are now in possession of the whole of the enemy's first line of defence.

In Argonne, in the Bois de la Genrie, at Bagatelle, Fontaine Madame and St. Hubert we have progressed, repulsed fine attacks and maintained our front.

**"A GOOD FORWARD MOVEMENT."**

Between Argonne and the Meuse, despite the snow and the fog, we have progressed on the front Bourville-Vanquois.

In the region of Cuisy Bois de Forges our heavy artillery has mastered the enemy's batteries, and machine guns enabled our infantry to make a good forward movement.

On the right bank of the Meuse the Germans have bombarded La Cornie, to the south of the Bois de Consenvoye, where we are established.

In the Bois d'Ailly and in the forest of Apremont our artillery has forced the enemy to evacuate several trenches.—Exchange.

**ANOTHER TRENCH CAPTURED.**

PARIS, Dec. 25.—The following official communiqué was issued this evening:—

This morning we captured another trench near Pussalaire and held our ground, notwithstanding several counter attacks.

Last night the enemy made a vigorous, but unsuccessful, attack in the Vosges, at the Tete de Faux.—Reuter.

**HOW GLASGOW TOOK HER REVENGE.**

**Light Cruiser Sank the Leipzig and Kent Vanquished Nurnberg Off Falklands.**

**SEARCH FOR DRESDEN.**

An account of the battle of the Firth of Clyde, in which Admiral Sturdee's squadron sank the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Leipzig and Nurnberg, has been received in messages from Buenos Ayres, via New York.

The Glasgow, which was in the fight off Chili, avenged her comrades by sinking the Leipzig. It was the cruiser Kent that sank the Nurnberg.

The commander of the British steamer Orissa, according to La Prensa, of Buenos Ayres, declared on arrival at Punta Arenas that the British Fleet on December 7 was composed of the

Invisible, Cornwall, Indefatigable, Canopus, Bristol, Kent, Glasgow.

The Canopus was guarding the entrance to Port Stanley, while the other ships cooled when the smoke of the approaching German warships was noticed.

The Germans realising the British superiority too late to escape, Admiral von Spee ordered the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Leipzig to fight and the Nurnberg and Dresden to retire out of reach of the British fire.

After the Leipzig and Nurnberg had been sunk, the Dresden, though pursued by the Canopus, escaped.

**GOOD WASH BEFORE FIGHT**

New York, Dec. 25.—A message from Buenos Ayres states that the victorious British squadron arrived at Montevideo yesterday.

The British were coaling when the Germans were approaching. They were signalled to get up steam, and while doing so had breakfast and a good wash.

The squadron under Admiral Sturdee having divided in a certain way, the pursuit began.

After six hours the Germans were within range, and when they saw that escape was impossible they turned and accepted the inevitable.

Cables from Chili state that the Glasgow and Cornwall are off the coast looking for the Dresden, and that the Invisible left last night.—Exchange Special.

**SCHARNHORST'S DOOM.**

According to the New York Herald's account, the German squadron, with the Scharnhorst leading, came straight on. They did not reply to the British fire at first.

When within four miles of the British ships the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau veered away from their head-on course, and as their broadsides showed they let go with their heaviest guns.

Broadside after broadside was fired.

The officers in the fighting tops of the British ships could watch their own shells smashing into the vitals of the German cruisers.

They could see these shells rip apart the decks, stanchions, turrets and funnels.

By order of Admiral Sturdee the big British ships centred their fire on the Scharnhorst, knowing that there they would find the German commander.

Quivering under the irresistible impacts of the British shells, the Scharnhorst fired wildly, her shots either falling short or going over the British vessels.

They scored only a few hits. At the end of an hour the Scharnhorst began to settle.

The Canopus ran up a signal indicating that firing was to cease.

Admiral von Spee's reply was a last volley from the guns which had not been dismantled.

Water filled the battered hull of the Scharnhorst, she rolled a little, her stern sank a little more as her bow rose out of the sea.

Then suddenly there was a coughing of steam and the bulk of steel dropped out of view.

Every man held to his place as the seas closed over the vessel. No man was saved, and the Admiral went down with his men.

**SWISS GUARDS ON SKIS.**

The Swiss Army, which has been mobilised since the outbreak of the war, is now guarding the snow-clad Alpine frontier, where the mountain peaks are thousands of feet high and the snow 10ft. deep.

Special battalions of conscripts from the Swiss mountains have been formed for the purpose.

The men must be capable climbers and adept in the use of the ski, which enables them to cross plains of snow deep enough to bury a man.

Canvas tents are not practicable in their country, and huts built of snow, which are warm and snug, are used in their stead.

A great pile of snow is shovelled together, and after a small door has been cut in the interior is scooped out, which leaves a roomy snow-walled hut, where between twenty and thirty men can sleep.

Putties are taken off the legs at night and bound round the boots to prevent frostbite.



This cartoon illustrates the ignorance of the German people. They actually believe that the Irish people believe Germany is Ireland's friend and will give Ireland "Home Rule" if she wins the war. Ireland happens to have "Home Rule"



# OUR WOUNDED SOLDIERS ENJOY CHRISTMAS IN HOSPITAL.

G. 11910 W



A Christmas dinner in the Princess Louise's Hospital. The soldiers have been given a thoroughly good time here and the convalescents have enjoyed typical old-

G. 11910 W

fashioned Christmas fare. Most of the men are happily now well on the high road to recovery.

G. 11910 W

G. 11910 W



Red Cross nurses tying up stockings filled with Christmas presents for the wounded soldiers at Princess Louise's Hospital. Our "Tom-mies" were quite as delighted as children with their Christmas morning "discoveries."



Father Christmas at St. George's Hospital. He is seen playing cards with wounded soldiers and getting a light for his cigarette.

G. 11910 W



Miss Marjorie Moore singing to the wounded soldiers at Charing Cross Hospital. Miss Moore, with her mother, sang to the soldiers in French as well as English.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1914.

## WHY WE DO IT.

THE CHRISTMAS pudding was a remarkably rich one. It contained all the lumpy and sticky ingredients that make up this famous British delicacy. As it is war-time, however, it was thought decent to omit such frivolities as threepenny bits and thimbles, and fortunately we failed also to find such occasional accidents and hors d'œuvre as nails and bits of string, which in past years we have detected in the puddings of certain cooks. Apart from such surprises, there was everything mixed together—the candied peel and the currants, the almonds and raisins and cherries and cinnamon and goodness knows what else. Everybody took a plateful.

We could not help watching rather nervously for the effect upon the Belgians dining with us—professional people, honest, hardworking bourgeois of Brussels; but a little difficult, a little hard to please. Several times already had they expressed doubts about English cooking, doubts put in the form of questions "asking merely for information," as who should say: "Of course, it is very kind of you and that sort of thing and we like it all very much. But why is it that..." And the interrogative doubts would be expressed.

So, yesterday, it began with the pudding. "Delicious, certainly! Worthy of England. But now, Sir or Madam, do tell us—we only want to learn—why it is that you English, after so excellent if (allow us to say it) so solid a repast do then place upon the stomach—upon the top of all the rest—so eminently solid a dish? Why this dish must contain..." And there was a computation of weights and measures.

Now, we have never had to explain away the Christmas pudding before in just that manner—to adult infants, so to speak; to those who did not know, but were yet most anxious to learn. It took some time. And, after all, it ended by our explaining nothing—by our simply falling back on our old friend *de gustibus* and remarking that in England we like it like that and that like that it always will be liked. Enough!

But, as we said, the pudding began it. And now it would not stop but passed, by an easy transition, into our being begged politely to account for all sorts of other English dishes. Yorkshire pudding? "An affair of habit"... And from dishes the conversation passed to other institutions, and from institutions to customs. Why no cafés in London? Why the public-house as sole café for the poor? Why such heating—or lack of it—in the houses? Why the fog—why everything—why us...

Such "examinations of conscience" are certainly trying, and they are a little cruelly imposed upon us just now, at a time when an old blind instinct comes upon us to love our country *sans phrase* simply because it is our country and perhaps because of its faults. But these insistent naive questions, these whys and wherefores do us good also. They make us think it over. They constitute another service from that Belgium to which already we and the world owe so much. Thus having, apropos of our daily doings to account for and justify our national way of life, we are required to think it over for ourselves. "Nothing survives being thought of"; and so the process of national-self-examination exhibits defects that may be remedied, little follies that may be suppressed. The war sweeps many things away—in Belgium, for example, how many and what beautiful things! Well may it sweep away also many little inefficiencies and inadequacies; together with the good may much of the evil vanish—not plum pudding perhaps, but many of those other inexplicable things mentioned yesterday by our Belgian guests at dinner as they began their questions over the pudding.

W. M.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### THOUGHTS FROM THE WAR LORD.

UPON such a vital subject as the cause of wars the Kaiser's own opinion should be interesting. He once said: "So long as mankind is possessed by original sin, so long will war and hatred, envy and discord prevail, and so long will man attempt to overreach his neighbour." He also added, upon the same occasion, "The standard of right and wrong applying among men applies also amongst nations."

Here, surely, are beautiful thought-germs for that cultured and much-sought-after body of scholars—the German theologians.

WALTER J. HUNT.

### THE NON-STOP OMNIBUS.

I WOULD settle the "non-stop" omnibus question by working on the railway system, and

nine habit of waiting for omnibuses ten yards beyond their starting point and then stopping them just as they are beginning to get up speed, to the distraction of the poor conductor, who has a time-table to keep to, and to the inward contempt and pity of your (possible) future husband inside the omnibus, who watches your whale-like flounderings in silent contempt. X.

### "FOUND OUT."

"W. M." IS PLEASED to be ironical about Herr von Kulturgeschichte, but still more ironical about the typical English professor who now disowns the herr.

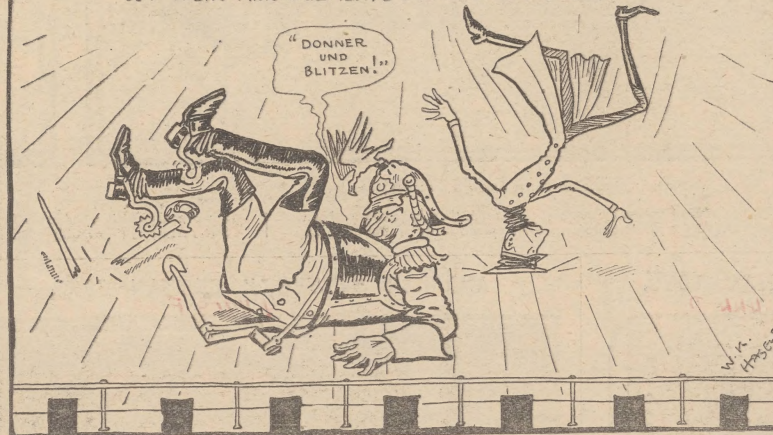
Of course, Germany has in the past nobly contributed to scholarship, and I don't know why Professor Sayce in *The Times* has chosen this moment to deny it. We can recognise the greatness of the older Germany while we lament

## THE WILLIES' TABLEAUX FOR BOXING DAY

THE APEX OF THE TABLEAU IN THE GRAND TRANSFORMATION (OF THE WORLD) SCENE  
ARRANGED BY THE WILLIES FOR THEIR 1914 XMAS PANTIMIME



BUT THEIR ARRANGEMENTS LACKED COMPLETENESS



It was going to be a beautiful final display and to show Germany dancing on the heads of all Europe "before Christmas." Christmas has come and gone, however, and Kaiser and Clown Prince are falling on their own heads rather than dancing on other people's.—(By Mr W. K. Haselden.)

having fixed stopping places at regular intervals for all omnibuses and tramway-cars, no stops being made in between.

There is no more reason for a tramway-car or omnibus to be stopping every second than for a train to pull up suddenly in order to allow a passenger to take a short cut home by climbing the embankment and scaling his garden fence.

STOPPAGE.

### A WORD TO WOMEN!

As the omnibus slows down, advance towards it and take hold of the rail gently as it glides by, stepping lightly on to the car. There is no need for the car to stop unless you have parcels or babies. Watch the graceful, easy way men mount a car, and reflect how silly you look in their eyes as you stand on the curb till the car has passed, and then chase it, flourishing an umbrella, dropping a purse, falling over your boots, and making a fool of yourself generally.

And, for Heaven's sake, give up your femi-

her transformation under the hand of Prussia. This was the view of Nietzsche, whom "W. M." quotes so often.

### IN MY GARDEN.

DEC. 25.—Even on Christmas Day there is much that is beautiful and interesting in the country garden. Flowers are scarce, but here are the lovely Christmas roses in full bloom on a sheltered border, masses of violets growing in sunny frames, yellow jasmine brightening an old wall.

Many winter-flowering shrubs are beginning to bloom now. The welcome laurestinus, the Japanese witch hazel with yellow spider-like flowers, garrya elliptica with its pale green catkins and the fragrant winter honeysuckle all may be greeted to-day. A few roses and primroses can be found, while the exquisite Algerian iris, nestling near a south wall, opens lavender-blue blossoms.

E. F. T.

## BRITAIN AT WAR.

### This Year's Christmas Amongst Some of the Recruits.

#### CHRISTMAS LEAVE.

AS A constant reader of *The Daily Mirror* may I be allowed to reply to the writer of the letter entitled "Invasion"?

I myself am a soldier, and, speaking for soldiers as a general rule, I think "M. H." shows very little knowledge, if any at all, of a soldier's duty and responsibility.

He talks about soldiers not realising they are training for a life and death struggle.

Let him taste for a week the joys (and sorrows) of a soldier in training under present conditions, and I fancy he will find it a bit different to sitting in a cosy room, scribbling letters to the paper.

Again, soldiers, even though they are bursting to serve their country, are only human, and when opportunity arrives, are glad indeed to get home to see their relations and friends, and I fancy a short leave at Christmas is just the thing to put fresh life and determination in them to carry on the "life and death struggle."

There are at present thousands under orders for the front. Do not these realise what they are training for? Certainly, and when the time comes will do as well as the British Tommy has always done. Keep the flag flying and the foe from the door, so that "M. H." and others of his kind may still scribble in safety.

A SOLDIER  
CORRESPONDENT.  
A Camp in Kent.

#### MAKING THE BEST OF IT

A MOST enjoyable concert was given on Tuesday afternoon to the wounded soldiers at King's College Hospital, Denmark Hill.

Captain Rogan, who arranged the concert, made a short speech, in which he wished the wounded a speedy recovery.

The band of the Coldstream Guards supplied the music. Needless to mention, "Tipperary" was the set piece. To see my comrades singing the chorus was a sight I will never forget; some in bed, others in wheelchairs—all had forgotten their sufferings and were singing enough to bring the roof down.

R. A. M. C.  
Denmark Hill.

AS "M. H." remarks, there are, no doubt, many of *The Daily Mirror* readers who think him a "kill-joy."

He evidently thinks that soldiers should spend their Christmas in sackcloth and ashes and continually quake in terror of what is in store for them.

As for children, I cannot comprehend how by spoiling their Christmas it would in any way further the progress of the war.

H. A. P.  
Forest Gate.

#### INVASION.

I QUITE agree with "M. H." on the subject of Invasion and Christmas. I have two brothers, the other was of fighting age, and he enlisted in Kitchener's Army.

We were eagerly looking forward to Christmas because he wrote us to say he was going to have leave, and we were overjoyed to think of being able to see him once again.

On Monday evening I received a postcard written thus:—

"Dear Sister,—Just a line to tell you that I shall not be home for Christmas. So I must make the best of it here."

Some will say he wrote that card in a cheerful and manly way. I know there was a very heavy heart behind it.

"M. H." is quite right, this is no time for rejoicing and festivity.

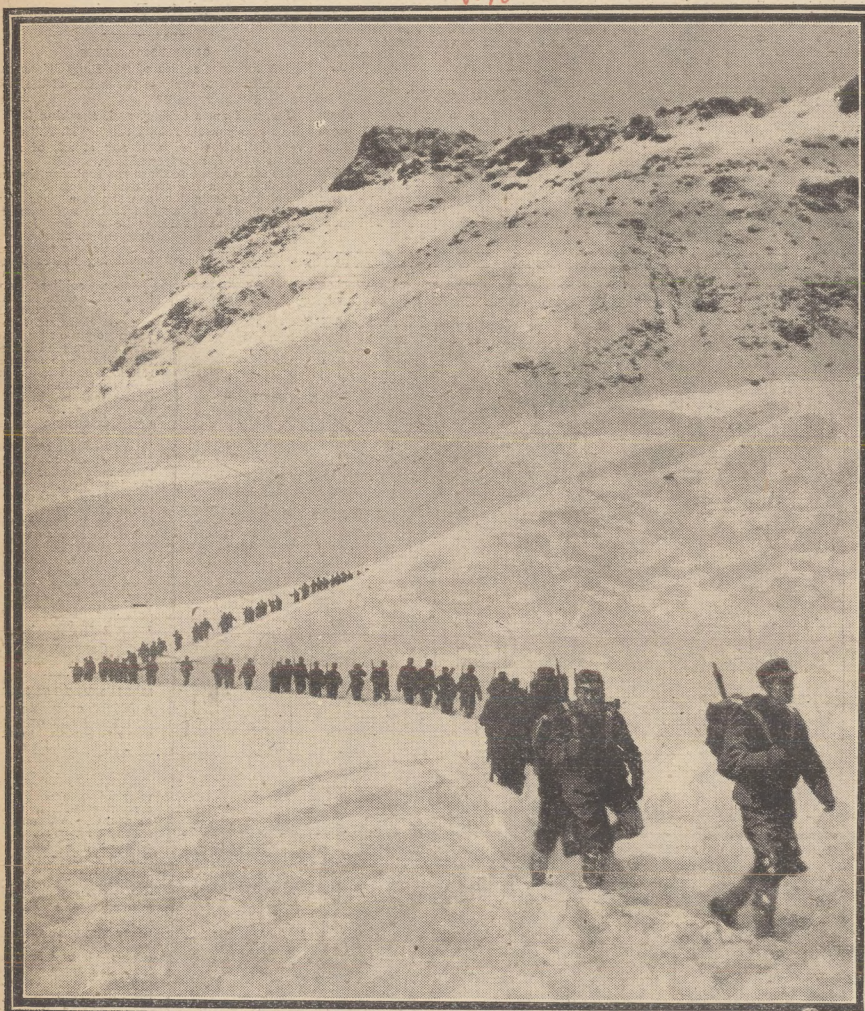
A DISAPPOINTED SISTER.

#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is nothing the body suffers from that the mind may not profit by.—George MacDonald.



# EVEN PEACEFUL SWITZERLAND IS READY FOR WAR.



A Swiss regiment marching through the heavy snows.



Taking snow to make impenetrable snow trenches.



A Swiss mountain battery.

Although the Swiss are quite the most peaceable people in Europe, they have always been alive to the possibilities of war. At the present moment their citizen army is mobilised on

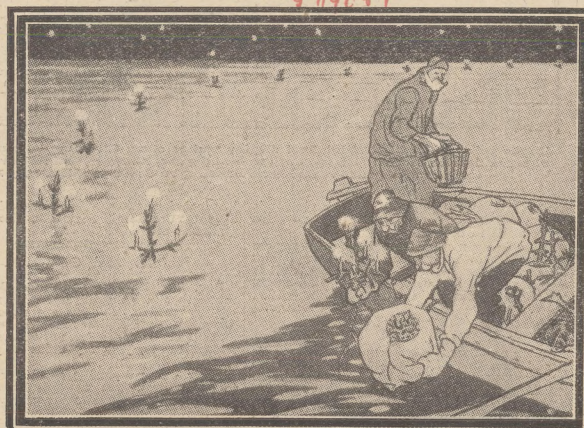
a war basis and is quite ready for any emergencies if Germany wants another enemy. The Swiss Army is thoroughly efficient.

## CLEVER GERMAN TOYS.



These German toy soldiers are models of cleverness. British manufacturers must wake up to beat the Germans on the toy market.

## ANOTHER "CLEVER" GERMAN JOKE.



In this cartoon, reproduced from a German paper, the British are depicted as strewing the seas with mines disguised as Christmas trees. The Germans laugh at such pictures.

## ESCAPED FROM GERMANS.



Miss Florence Walter, of Balham, an English schoolgirl, who has succeeded in escaping from the Germans in Belgium.

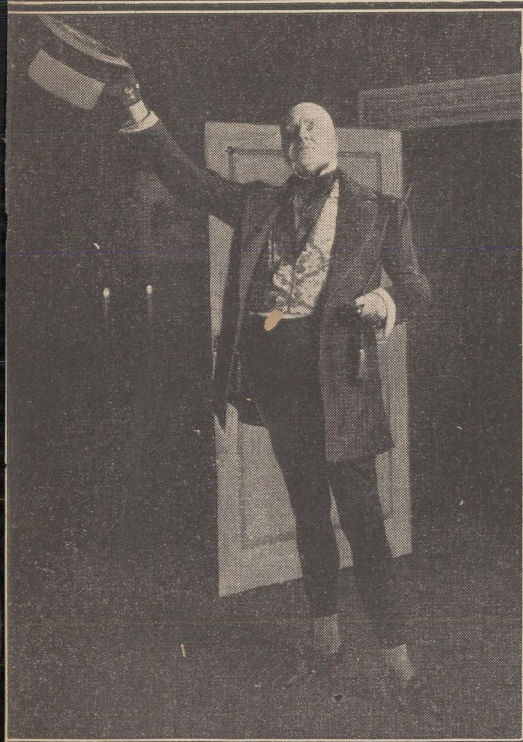


# "DAVID COPPERFIELD'S" APPEARANCE AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

P. 12658

P. 12658

P. 12658



Sir Herbert Tree gives a wonderful study of Wilkins Micawber. He is here seen in three characteristic attitudes.

P. 12658

P. 953 J

P. 12658

P. 12658

P. 12658



Ham and Little Em'ly are engaged.



Agnes (Miss Evelyn Millard), David's good angel.



Sir H. Tree as Dan'l Peggotty.



Mrs. Micawber (Miss Sydney Fairbrother).



Little Em'ly and Steerforth, a love scene.



Micawber (Sir Herbert Tree) is overcome—by sudden emotion.



Uriah Heep would like another cup of coffee.

Sir Herbert Tree is presenting a very picturesque stage version of Charles Dickens's most famous novel, "David Copperfield," at His Majesty's Theatre this Christmas. Sir Herbert "doubles" the parts of Dan'l Peggotty and Mr. Micawber with great success.

The whole play is full of character, pathos, humour and human interest. It should be one of the biggest successes at His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Owen Nares plays David and Miss Evelyn Millard Agnes.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



## THE SMARTEST Satires on the Kaiser and His Son

ARE THE

## CLEVER CARTOONS

By W. K. Haselden  
in the Pages of  
"The Daily Mirror."

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are treated by Caricature  
which is Pure Humour  
without Malice. Amongst  
notable cartoons of the  
War NONE ARE  
MORE POPULAR than

### The Adventures of Big and Little Willie.

In the New Volume of

## Daily Mirror Reflections

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the cream of these cartoons is presented  
in a welcome little collection full of  
humour.

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Volume for this season the

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THE PEACEFUL WORLD.

THE INDIAN ELEPHANT.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE

ALLIES.

"THE CONTEMPTEFUL ARMY."

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THE BARRIER OF BELGIUM.

ARMED CATS AND DOGS.

THE KIEL CANAL BLOCKADE.

THE GOOSE STEEP.

JUVENILE RECRUITING.

POSING FOR THE CINEMA.

WEEK-ENDS AT THE SEA.

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THEIR REINFORCEMENTS.

THEIR TURN IN PARIS.

THE LOOT OF LITTLE WILLIE.

These titles recall the most popular  
pictures of the War. In

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a collection appears which  
will at all times entertain  
by its charm and variety.

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### LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS.—At 8.15. MATINEE TO-DAY, at 2.30.  
Harry Gratian's Revue. ODDS AND ENDS, preceded by  
Mme. Hanako in "Osaka." NEXT WEEK, MAIDS, Mon.  
Wed. Thurs. and Sat.

APOLLO.—2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats. 2.30.  
CHARLES HAWTREY IN A KISS FROM PARIS.  
SPECIAL MATINEE, MONDAY NEXT, at 2.30.

COMEDY.—Eves. 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sats. 2.30.  
MISS LAURETT TAYLOR IN PET O' MY HEART.  
Special Mat. Matinee, Monday, Dec. 28, at 2.30.

DALY'S, Leicester-square. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8.  
Mats. Weds. and Sats. at 2.30. GEORGE EDWARDS  
Production, A COUNTRY GIRL (Special Reduced Prices).

DRURY LANE. TO-NIGHT, at 7 sharp, and  
Twice Daily, 1.30 and 7.30.—THE SLEEPING BEAUTY—  
BEAUTIFUL George Graves, Fernie Rogers, Renee  
Mayor. Box-office open all day. Gerard 2588.

DUKE OF YORK'S.—TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. CHARLES  
FRIDMAN presents PETER PAN, by J. M. Barrie. 11th  
Year. MATINEE EVERY DAY, at 2, and THURS. and  
SAT. EVENINGS, at 8.

GARRICK. THE DOUBLE MYSTERY.  
TO-DAY and TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.  
ARTHUR BOURCHIER and VIOLET VANBRUGH  
GLOBE.—OSCAR ASCHÉ and LILY BRAYTON, in  
MAMEENA. Twice Daily, at 2 and 8.

HAYMARKET.—2.30 and 8. THE FERO LIEUTENANT.  
ALLAN ANNESWORTH, ELLIS JEFFERIES, GODFREY  
TEARLE. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats. Prices 1s. to 5s. 6d.  
HIS MAJESTY. CHRISTMAS PRODUCTION.

TO-DAY. DAVID COPPERFIELD.  
TO-DAY and TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.  
Mats. Weds. and Sats. Herbert Tree. Evelyn Millard.  
KINGSWAY. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8. Mats. Weds. Sats. 2.30.  
THE DYNASTY, by Thomas Hardy.

Abridged and produced by Granville Barker.

LITTLE.—THE COCKYLL BIRD. TO-DAY and  
DAILY, at 2.30. A real Children's Play, the success of  
last Xmas. Children half-price. Tel. City 4227.

LYRIC THEATRE. THE EARL AND THE GIRL.  
TO-DAY and TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 8.  
Lessee, Mr. Cyril Maude.

PLAYHOUSE. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8, and Twice Daily.  
LITTLE LORD FAUNTEROY.  
Frame and Trains to the door.

Popular Prices. Every Seat can be Booked.  
Box-office, 10 to 12. Tel. City 202.

PRINCE OF WALES. TO-DAY and TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.  
Popular Prices. Reserved, 3s., 4s., 5s. Tel. Ger. 7489-3.

ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.  
by Lechmere. Musical Comedy. E. Harold Fryer.  
TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15. MAT. THURS. SATS. at 2.30.  
SCALA.—KINEMACOLOR, TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30.  
WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE.  
ANIMATED WAR MAP. Bombardment of Scarborough.  
SHAFTESBURY. HENRY V.  
TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. SEVEN EVENING, at 8.  
MATINEE TO-DAY and Dec. 28, 30, Jan. 1 and 2, at 2.  
VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. OUR BOYS.  
TO-DAY, at 3 and 8.45. Preceded, 2.15, by  
"A Man of Ideas." SPECIAL XMAS MATINEES,  
Dec. 29 and Dec. 28, 30, 31 and 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

ALHAMBRA. THE ALHAMBRA REVUE  
(including Robert Hale's burlesque pantomime).  
Varieties at 8.30. Mat. Eves. at 8.30.  
HIPPODROME.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. New Revue.  
BUSINESS AS USUAL. VIOLET LORRAINE. LITTLE  
MORE. CHRISTINE SILVER. HARRY TATE. MORRIS  
HARVEY. AMBROSE THORNE. VIVIAN FOSTER.  
PALACE. THE PASSING SHOW (The Ford and Ethel  
Levey). Passing Show, 8.40. (Basil Hallam, Gwendoline  
Broderick, Nelson Kerr, Leslie Shaw, Ethel Levey).  
Varieties, 8.55; Bioscope, 10.40. Matinee, TO-DAY,  
(Boxing Day), at 2.  
PALADIN. 8.10 and 9. LE PETIT CABARET.  
EUGENE STRATTON. MAIDIE SCOTT. ALBERT  
GODDARD. THE PASSING SHOW (The Ford and Ethel  
Levey). Passing Show, 8.40. (Basil Hallam, Gwendoline  
Broderick, Nelson Kerr, Leslie Shaw, Ethel Levey).  
Varieties, 8.55; Bioscope, 10.40. Matinee, TO-DAY,  
(Boxing Day), at 2.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.—Boxing Day Ad-  
mission dispense each person, from 9 a.m. till 4 p.m.

### RINKING.

HOLLAND PARK RINK. SKATING DAILY, 3 Sessions  
To-morrow, Dec. 27, 1.30, 3.15, 5.00. Sunday Evening  
Skating Club open January 3. It is CHEERY here.

### PERSONAL.

BEST WISHES, dearest. Write. Address, Sister S. E. V.  
LOST.—A small White Sealham Terrier in Bryanston-sq  
on the 21st inst; the finder who returns him to 16,  
Bryanston-sq will be rewarded.

LIEUT. L. C. MOOR-RADFORD, 1st South Staffordshire  
Regt., reported wounded and missing near Ypres  
October 28. Any information gratefully received by  
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Moor-RADFORD, 83a, Holland Park,  
London.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity.  
Ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st. W.

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### DAILY BARGAINS.

#### Dress.

A BABY'S Long Clothes Set 50 choice pieces, 21s.;  
A shapes, style and work perfection; supreme value;  
unusually high quality; very attractive; reliable;  
instant approval.—Mrs. Max. The Chase, 100, Tottenham  
Road, N. 16.

MATERNITY Self-adjusting Suits from 8s. 11d.; gowns  
25s. 6d.; Nursing Corsets with Belt, 7s. 11d.;  
Maternity Bloomers, Overcoats, Acconchment Suits & Sun-  
dries; Lingerie, Infant Specialities, Complete Nursery  
Equipment; 108-page Illustrated Catalogue, Patterns and  
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#### Articles for Disposal.

A RUSTIC dining China—100 perfect pieces 21s., com-  
prising dinner set for 12, tea and coffee set for 12,  
hotwater jug, teapot, and a set of 3 jugs; all or forward by  
each piece thin and beautifully finished; write for free  
catalogue.—Vincent Fine Art Pottery, 25, Dursley.

#### Wanted to Purchase.

ANY old False Teeth Bought, any kind, 1s. 3d. per tooth  
on valuations, to £2 on metal; cash.—Bella, Ltd., Leeds.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought; call or forward by  
post, 1s. 3d. per tooth on valuations, to £2 on metal; cash.—Bella, Ltd., Leeds.

BROWNING 63, Oxford-st., London. Estd. 100 years.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought; highest bona-fide  
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deferred.—Call or post, mentioning "Daily Mirror," Messrs.  
Paget, the leading firm, 219, Oxford-st., London. Estab-  
lished 150 years.

#### AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.

SENTRY Dogs, as supplied British Army; police dogs;  
Airedales, for Aberdeen, Irish terriers; 5 cns., pairs  
2 gns.—Major Richardson's Kennels, Groved, Harrow.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW to Cure Nerve Breakdown.—If you have wrecked  
your nerves by over-work or worry, or if you feel weak,  
worn out or jaded, write for my free booklet on "Nervous  
Breakdown," if it will mentally upset, depressed or suffer  
from neurasthenia. I will teach you more in 5 minutes  
than you will gain in years by experience.—Address Charles  
Gordon (Dr.), 1st St. Green, Russell, Bradford, Yorks.

IMPORTANT to Mothers.—Every mother valuing health  
and the health of her child, will use Harrison's Nursery  
Formula; one application kills all germs and insects; cleans  
and strengthens the hair; removes scurf and dandruff;  
promotes growth; price, 4d. and 1s.; postage 1d.—Harris-  
son's, Chemist, Reading. Sold by all Chemists. Insist on  
having Harrison's Paste.

MISSION of Hope.—Young Women in Trouble received  
with kind, motherly care.—Maternity Hospitals,  
Stratford and Camberwell; resident midwives, with mod-  
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Brighton-chambers, 25, Denman-st., London Bridge, S.T.

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own Men,  
Science, Care, and  
Scrupulous Cleanli-  
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LADY Bird's Teeth Society Ltd.—Gas 24; teeth at hos-  
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# THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.



"Love looks  
not with  
the eyes,  
but with  
the mind."

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

**VALERIE CRAVEN**, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

**JOHN HILLIER**, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

**STANHOPE LANE**, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is a very elastic one where his own desires are concerned.

**SIR GEORGE CLAIR**, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe. As he speaks he catches hold of the girl's wrists and draws her towards him steadily.

They are seen by Mrs. Cunliffe, who is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy.

"I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives. On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face.

With a little childish impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushes her lips across the glass.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her.

To Sylvia John Hillier is a man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes her, that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier. As she reads her heart is torn with horror and pain.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-day life is finished.

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blind and jilted!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swiftly-winged into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and in love. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. A week or two passes, and they are married very quietly.

As she returns to the bungalow after the ceremony she finds an amazing letter from Valerie, in which she says that she has just come out to India. Letter Hillier! The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Letter Valerie tells her that she must speak to her privately that night. They go off together to an ancient palace.

The next thing is that Sylvia has been into the room where Hillier is, and falls in a dead faint, and Valerie is found dead in the ruins of the palace, apparently killed by a fall.

The Hilliers leave India and arrive in England, where John Hillier, having taken up the title, they live at Grosvenor place, a large old family house. A day or two later Sylvia is settled to find that her husband has engaged as his secretary Stanhope Lane. When Hillier sees her, he shows no recognition.

Dr. Marazoff, the famous oculist, sees Hillier, and states confidently that he can restore his sight. Hillier consents to go to London for an operation.

## ON THE THRESHOLD.

AS the train ran alongside the platform at Victoria Station Sylvia gathered together her belongings and tried to speak cheerfully to her husband. Hillier responded briefly; then the silence that had been almost unbroken between them during the journey from West Hailes descended again.

This journey that marked the second step towards the martyrdom of her love for this man she had deceived.

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

Despising herself for the thought, scourging herself with heroic contempt for the selfishness that was its essence, yet finding it impossible to drive it from her mind, Sylvia told herself that a successful operation meant that Jack must discover her for the impostor that she was, and that his discovery would come the end of all things for her.

When he knew the truth—not for a moment could the girl deceive herself as to this—when Hillier knew her for the woman she was, it would not be the contempt alone that would hurt his mind. He would be bitterly and justly angry, as only a man of strong passions can be angry with a woman who has used his love as a shield behind which to trick and fool him.

And now, there was, humanly speaking, little doubt that Jack would recover his sight very soon.

The examination which the famous oculist had made at Grosvenor had proved entirely satisfactory. He had decided to operate without delay, and it was for the purpose of this operation that John Hillier was travelling to town, to take up his quarters at the nursing home, which Dr. Marazoff ran for his particularly favoured patients, in one of the large, unfashionable, but mercifully quiet, squares, which lie in the region beyond the British Museum.

Sylvia was to leave him there and take up residence at an hotel near by, until such time as the patient was sufficiently recovered to return home.

Marazoff's letter said something about our being met at the station, didn't it? Hillier said. "A stuffy brougham, I expect. If so, we'll give it the slip and take an open taxi cab, oh, Valerie? I want to fill my nostrils with the good familiar smells of London town before I go in there."

But Hillier was unacquainted with the ways of a specialist who could command the fees of an oculist. Marazoff, as they stepped out of the train, a servant in a smart but extremely unobtrusive brown livery touched his hat and addressed Hillier.

Sir John Hillier? Dr. Marazoff's car is waiting, sir.

An admirable and luxurious car, they found it, as they followed the man who steered them deftly through the crowded station. Sylvia, remembering the occasion on which a taxicab drove across London had been a wildly exciting treat, settled herself by Hillier's side with a distinct sense of well being. The air of the morning was so soft, its sunshine so golden, that the respite the web of trouble in which her heart was enmeshed, it was so essentially the heart of a child.

Hillier murmured commendations of the car as it threaded its way smoothly through the station yard and out into the streets, where the throbbing pulse of London's heart beat strongly about them.

A beauty, by her going," he said. "Denis hasn't a car like this in his garage. We'll choose a spanker, Val, the very day I come out."

In her corner of the luxurious car a shadow descended over Sylvia's face.

How sure he was. Even Dr. Marazoff himself had wondered at his absolute certainty. "If the success of the operation were a matter of will—the triumph of mind over matter—there could be no possible doubt as to its result," he had said. "But of course, in a matter faith plays its own immensely important part."

The car sped down Victoria-street, and Hillier felt the life of London, the familiar breath of her, the never-to-be-forgotten sounds, wrap about him. Ah, for a minute of sight—only one minute's sight of London after three years of the East.

England and the things of England tugging at his heart after three years of exile. He could not see the city, wonderfully beautiful, wrapped about by the blue mystery of her smoke veils, the memory painted pictures for him. Long green stretches of the parks, with patches of broken yellow where the daffodils danced under the trees. The streets aglow with the gay bravery of women. And above the sunlit London stretch the green hills of the English sky.

An English sky! How his eyes that had burned with the fierce light of the East longed for a glimpse of one, tenderly blue, soft and serene, flecked with white clouds. Little clouds, big fleecy clouds, massed mountains of snowy cloud piled against the horizon.

"Where are we, Valerie?" He leaned forward with a sudden eagerness, as though already he strained after the sight he believed so implicitly to be coming. Whitechapel? The faglar-square, with the fountains playing in the midst of the stony waste?

Every word a stab in the heart of the girl who sat beside him. Looked at him with the loving yearnings of despair in those wonderful grey eyes that were as clear as running water between the dark fringe of their curled lashes.

"What! No fountains playing? A rank swindle, Valerie! It deceives a letter to the Times—no less. Never mind, there will be fountains playing when we drive back—and flags, flying as we pass by on our victorious way."

He tried to be gay, but there was the constraint of nervous tension on them both. There was ever present the possibility of ultimate failure—a failure that would leave the world infinitely more bitter to her than before.

The car flashed on through crowded streets, through a network of squall byways into the dingy spaciousness of Bloomsbury, and so into the big square where the nursing home was situated, a wide square with a colony of green trees in its midst, where in Georgian days a certain fashionable standard had been achieved.

The car stopped before a big, double-fronted house in whose extraordinarily smart and well-kept interior the two women were waiting to suggest a nursing home or private hospital.

The windows behind the green-tiled boxes, filled with pink geraniums and white marguerites, were charmingly curtained. There was a large and solid-looking front door adorned with the brightest of brass furniture. A cheerful, intensely respectable and reassuring-looking house, yet Sylvia's heart sank desperately at the sight of it.

"Jack, oh, my dear," As the chauffeur beat a discreet tattoo with the brilliant knocker a stifled little cry broke from Sylvia.

"At all right, old girl, it's all right," Hillier put his hand through the arm. "Valerie, buck up, for my sake, dear." His hand slid along her arm, found hers and crushed it for a second before the door opened.

The touch of that handclasp lingered with Sylvia, seemed to hold her fingers in a chill, clinging grip, as they passed together into the square hall that was extremely correct in its adequate furnishing, extraordinarily dull in its utter lack of individuality.

Was that the last time he would ever hold her hand in friendship . . . the last time?

Step by step with her, holding her fast by the hand, whispering misgivings in the empty chamber and over her head the spirit of despair accompanied Sylvia as she stepped across the threshold of this place of healing.

## "GOOD-BYE."

THE butler, soft-footed, of archiepiscopal mien, who escorted them to a waiting-room, informed them in his well-modulated voice that the matron would be with them almost immediately.

Another of 'em, Valerie," Hillier whispered at the door closed. "Where do they grow? How is it that only a butler, or a prebend at the least, can acquire such a tone?"

In it Hillier captured something of the boyish mood that came to him when he was alone with her, but the attempt was a failure. He sat down on one of the leather-covered chairs to wait. Looking at him, his eyes seemed to have seen to him, or so pitiable as it did now. As though there were some strong new light in this medical waiting-room, Sylvia saw the face of the man she had loved, the face of the man who had been, there were deep furrows about the mouth where only the pleasant network of laughter's making should have been visible . . . the dark thatch of his brown hair was powdered with gray. Something had gone from his face by the light from his eyes. Leaving the dreadful stillness that masks the faces of the blind. . .

And for her own selfish ends she had found it in her heart almost to wish that that light might never return! Shame burned at her cheeks at the thought. For her own selfish ends to condemn the man she loved to perpetual blindness—to the narrowed-down world that blindness means to a man. Tears burned in her eyes.

The matron came to them in a few moments. She was a calm-faced, steady-eyed woman, remarkably good-looking in a very cold and statuesque way. Her manner was extremely unemotional.

Sylvia was aware of the pose and resented it, just as she resented being addressed in a voice that was unmistakably tonic. For Hillier there was another and equally correct inference. There was a man, and by virtue of his sex stood in no need of tonic or sympathy, but he was a patient, and as such required friendly initiation.

Sylvia hated herself for noticing these things and criticising them adversely, but she was conscious of a sudden fierce jealousy of this woman into whose hands she must surrender Jack in this supreme hour of his need.

"I know you'll like to see where Sir John is to pass the three weeks or so that he will spend with us," she said to Sylvia. "Come with me, Lady Hillier. Sir John's man arrived a little time ago—he may wish to give him some instructions. Afterwards an attendant will conduct him upstairs."

Reluctantly Sylvia followed the matron out of the waiting-room. Was she, then, not to have even another moment alone with Jack?

The lift carried them swiftly to an upper floor.

"This is the suite that Dr. Marazoff has allotted to Sir John," the matron said. "It is not large, but we happen to be very busy just now, but that the grey eyes were as bright as shining with tears as she turned swiftly at the sound of her name.

She opened a white door and showed Sylvia into a room, apologising for being obliged to leave her for a moment, in order to telephone an important message which she had forgotten.

For a minute or two Sylvia stood looking about her interestedly. It was really charmingly pretty and utterly unlike any apartment she had imagined as existing in a private hospital.

A cheerful room, all blue and white, like a young girl's bedroom, with a satin striped paper, and on the floor of polished parquet were strewn blue and white rugs. The furniture was entirely white, of simple, but excellent design. A door gave into a sitting-room, also pleasantly furnished, with a balcony, where gay flowers blazed in the sun.

Very pleasantly, indeed. A little prayer went up in her heart that the man she loved might here receive the confirmation of his heart's desire.

A prayer so fierce and ardent in its intensity now that the grey eyes were as bright as shining with tears as she turned swiftly at the sound of her name.

"Very pleasant, is it not, Lady Hillier?" The matron's keen eyes were swift to notice the mist of tears in her visitor's eyes. "Sylvia tried to smile, but her half-hysterical impulse was to scream. On a sudden she felt that she hated this smooth-voiced woman with the hard, professional face and bleak blue eyes. "I've been exploring Jack," she said. "You have the most charming quarters . . ." Her breath caught a little in spite of herself—with relief—as she saw the white door close behind the matron's tall figure.

Sylvia did not hear her. She was looking through the door at Jack, who had just come into the room. Looking as a woman looks at a loved face for the last time.

"I've been exploring Jack," she said. "You have the most charming quarters . . ." Her breath caught a little in spite of herself—with relief—as she saw the white door close behind the matron's tall figure.

"Valerie," Hillier came across the room to her, threading his way with a wonderful ease across this unfamiliar place, with little more trace of his blindness than a hand outstretched where he expected a chair might be. "Valerie, I know you are feeling horribly down. So am I. It's the first time we have been parted since our wedding—that's the only reason why, and it's a ridiculous reason."

"Yes, yes. Still—separation is separation." She clung to him with a swift rising passion, and he held her fast, here in this unfamiliar room, as he had held her that first day at Magalia, when she had come to him with a falsehood on her lips, held her so close as though he dreaded that even a shadow might creep between them.

"Only for a time, darling. And afterwards—why, all the best time of our lives lies before us."

No time could be better than the time behind us," she said. "Say that, too, Jack—just to please me before I go whatever happens—whatever happens—these months together have been beautiful and happy?"

"Beautiful and happy," she repeated. "Valerie, so full of beauty and happiness that all my life could not repay you for them."

He kissed her on the lips, and felt her tears wet on his cheek. Then very swiftly she drew away from him, and with one word, "Good-bye," she was gone.

He stood for a moment there alone. Separation was very bitter, always, but the future rose swiftly before him, full of hope and light.

There will be another fine instalment on Monday.



is just what the housewife wants for clearing up the cold meat after Christmas.

Just a few drops give a new and delicious flavour which makes the meal so enjoyable.

Large Bottle  
6d. of grocers.





## WOUNDED BUT HAPPY.

G. 11910 S



A wounded British soldier being assisted by two of his comrades from the train to the Red Cross ship at a French port. Although wounded he appears to be thoroughly happy and, like many others, anxious to get back to the front.

## IN ACTION.

P. 16245



Captain A. Gerald Wordsworth, of the 2nd Middlesex Regiment, a great-grandson of the poet Wordsworth, has been killed in action.

P. 6123



Miss Ferne Rogers, who will play Princess Marcella in "The Sleeping Beauty—Beautified," at Drury Lane.

## WOMEN'S PART IN THE WAR.

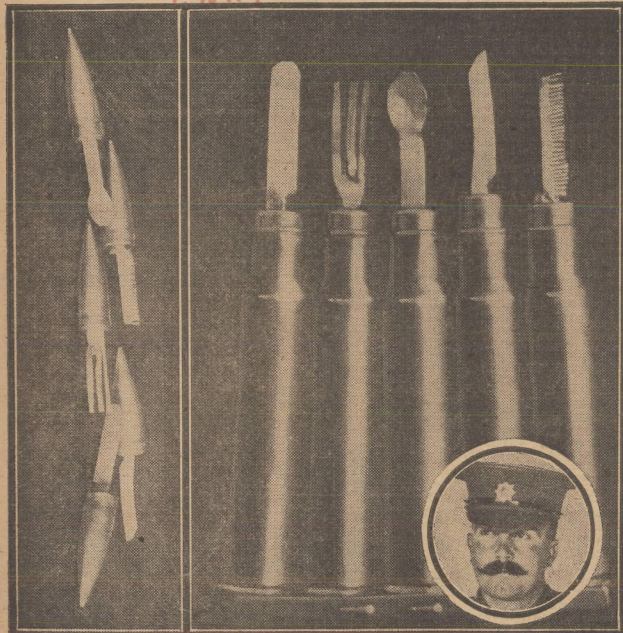
G. 11910 S



A member of the British Nursing Yeomanry assisting a wounded Belgian soldier. These women have played an excellent part in the war. Their courage and coolness have everywhere been the subject of enthusiastic comment.

## SOLDIERS' KITS MADE IN THE TRENCHES.

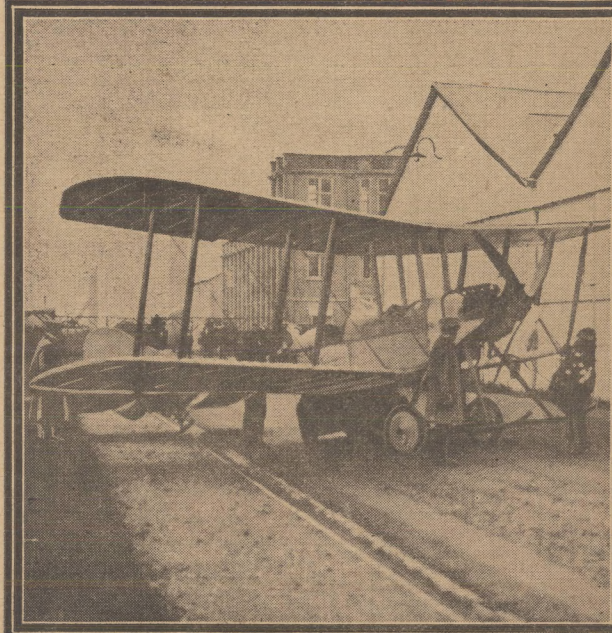
P. 16913



Every soldier must produce for inspection by officers a knife, fork, spoon, razor and comb, so in his spare minutes Sergeant-Major Fox (in circle) cut some complete sets from tobacco-boxes and mounted them in German bullets as mementoes.

## AUSTRALIA'S AEROPLANE GIFT.

G. 1260 W



Lady Reid cracks a bottle of champagne on the wings of the Liverpool, the aeroplane which the Australian Government has lent to the British Government for the duration of the war. She is a magnificent air craft.



# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## NEWS ITEMS.

### The Law and Dickens.

There was a wonderful audience at His Majesty's Theatre on Christmas Eve to see Sir Herbert Tree's wonderful production of "David Copperfield." It is very curious to see how the legal profession is always attracted to Dickens, considering the things that Dickens used to say about the law. At His Majesty's one of the most enthusiastic members of the audience was the Lord Chief Justice.



Mr. H. F. Dickens, K.C.

Just behind him, looking particularly happy, was Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C. whom his friends love to call "Charley."

### Missing Rosa.

Of course, Mr. H. F. Dickens, K.C., the brilliant son of the author of "David Copperfield," was there, and it was amusing to see how he laughed over Sir Herbert Tree's remarkable performance of Micawber. But I could not help wondering if Mr. Dickens missed Rosa Dartle and Dora. I missed them badly, especially Rosa, who was really, perhaps, the most tragic woman that Dickens ever drew.

### "Literary Gents."

Quite a lot of "literary gents" were there to see how "David Copperfield" looks on the stage. Mr. Hall Caine was there, and I remembered that he once said a book with the opening of "David Copperfield" and the ending of "A Tale of Two Cities" would be the most perfect novel in the world. Sir Gilbert Parker was another who enjoyed the performance, and so was Mr. Clement Shorter.

### "S. J. P."

For some reason or other, journalists never write about journalists. But I am going to break the rule for once. At His Majesty's Theatre I was delighted to see Mr. S. J. Pryor, one of the most brilliant journalists of the present generation. He has been seriously ill for a long time, but is now almost "quite well" again. "S. J. P." as his friends call him, has done splendid work for the Press and public on *The Daily Mail*, the *Daily Express*, and latterly *The Times*. And he was the man who did everything that was humanly possible to save the *Tribune*. Yet somehow or other, he has never been a person in the public's eye.

### Carols in the Trenches.

I spent a good deal of yesterday with a soldier friend home on short leave, and he told me that the boys "out there" were making a very good best of things when he left. "They've been singing carols for a fortnight past," he told me, "and I don't think many of them will go without some sort of a Christmas feast."

### Make Up for It Next Year.

His words are borne out by a number of postcards that reached me yesterday. Most of them are rough, but clever, pencil sketches of imaginary turkey and plum pudding feasts in the trenches. "I don't think," writes one gay-hearted "Tommy," "but never mind, a merry Christmas to you all at home." Another cheery soul, a philosopher, sends me a much-begrimed card, and says: "I'll have this to make up next year, so I don't grudge you your dinner this time. Cheerio."

### Better in the Spring!

And, apropos of nothing in particular, I have a postcard before me written home by a sergeant in "The Artists." "I never want to go back to civil life again," he says. "He, too, views things philosophically. 'Weather had for the trenches now,' he says, 'but it will be all right in the spring!'"

### Cossack's Prayer for His Horse.

Although (so a Russian friend tells me) it is not perhaps sanctioned by the Church, before going into battle the Russian cavalryman often offers up this petition on behalf of his steed: "And for those also, Lord— for these humble creatures which support with us the burden of the day and offer their innocent lives for the country—we appeal to the tenderness of Thy heart, for Thou hast promised salvation to men and to animals, and immense is Thy goodness, O Master, Saviour of the World. Lord, have pity!" And the Hun calls the Russian the barbarian!

### Origin of the Goose-Step.

A Paris paper gives an amusing explanation of the manner in which the goose-step was introduced into the German Army. Every year, at the approach of Christmas, immense flocks of geese were dispatched from Pomerania to Berlin. In order to save money the geese made the journey on foot. To protect them against the rigors of the road the fowls had their feet dipped in glue and covered with fine gravel. By the time this operation had been repeated a dozen times the geese had acquired semi-artificial feet, which they raised with a jerky, staccato movement every time they started walking.

### I Wonder.

One day the Kaiser met a flock of these Christmas victims on the march, and he was so delighted with the spectacle presented by the feathered tribe that he ordered his soldiers to copy them. That was the origin of the goose-step, and shortly after it was introduced into the German Army.

### Pasha's Pet Lights.

Essad Pasha has had his brand new home in Albania set on fire by insurgents—no new experience for the Pasha whose mansion in Constantinople was razed to the ground by angry Turks who thought he was too rapacious. I once knew the Pasha well, and but for the fact that he was too fond of money he was quite an amiable personage. But his one hobby was electric lights, and lots of them you know, the sort with decorative fixtures.

### Still More Lights.

I stayed with Essad for a few days at his magnificent marble palace at Gezirah. There were many interesting topics on which he could have talked, but the one thing that filled his mind was the subject of electric lights. He had clusters of them all round the drawing-room, on the grand staircase and even on the roof. Certainly there was hardly a spare inch of wall space without its decorative cluster of electric lights. He told me that he believed in encouraging art!

### Football for Tommy.

We completed our sixth hundred of footballs before Christmas. Thursday's post brought in fourteen more balls, and the total stands at 613 now, and there are others which in the rush of Christmas holiday have arrived but not yet been opened. So we are well on our way to the seventh hundred. We shall have to complete that before the New Year, don't you think?

### 700 Wanted by the New Year.

My Christmas post brought huge reinforcements from the other side, the applicants' side. Most of them came from the trenches, but I hope with your help to have every one of them satisfied by New Year's Day. "The boys" are so grateful for your footballs; in the home camps they say they help to make up for lack of Christmas leave. Now for the seventh hundred. Reinforcements wanted, please.

### Kutje.

By the way, if you are thinking of sending presents to our gallant allies in Eastern Europe, it is not too late. Christmas is celebrated by them thirteen days after us, and they are a little bit touchy about this sort of thing. Two years ago when the first Balkan war was drawing to an end, I was just coming back from Serbia, where I had been visiting friends in the Near East. One of the most remarkable of the strange Balkan customs is that of Kutje.

### Your Luck Will Stick.

Kutje is made of fine wheat, honey, walnuts and poppy seed, and this is boiled for four hours. A sweet sticky paste results, and a handful of it is thrown at the ceiling on Christmas Eve. The utmost importance is attached to the result. If it sticks good luck will follow, but should it fall it means a gloomy outlook, for bad luck is inevitable, and there is nothing to be done but to wait until the "black year" is past.

### Arrivals at the Ambassadors.

There has been a sort of competition going on at the Ambassadors Theatre, where the Allied Players are still doing splendidly, between Morton, the French comedian, and Arthur Playfair. Morton won, for his wife presented him with a baby boy on Thursday evening last week. Playfair was a good second, as a Miss Playfair arrived on Friday morning. M. Morton has formally proposed, on behalf of his son, for the hand of Miss Playfair.

### Trust Is Dead.

A few days ago I met an engineer who spent some three years or more at Cracow, the Austrian fortified town on which the Russians are daily drawing nearer. He had as assistant a young man who had just finished his time in the army, and who had many interesting things to tell of his experiences. "The motto of the Austrian Army," he said, "is 'Trust is dead!'"

### Not Let Out Alone.

For the first three months of his service in the army the Austrian conscript is not allowed out by himself. He is compelled to go about with another soldier as companion, and in some of the frontier towns, where there is a most amazing mixture of languages and religions, the companion is chosen for him. The official explanation is that the young soldier might lose his way, as most of them are peasants unused to big towns. The real explanation is that they are strongly tempted to run away, but after three months begin to regard their fate as inevitable.

### Well Again.

I was pleasantly surprised the other day to meet Miss Shirley Kellogg, looking radiantly well and happy. Seeing her, it was difficult to realise that she has been away from the London stage for so many months through a serious illness. Everybody is congratulating her now on her recovery, and hoping soon to see her back at the London Hippodrome.



Miss Shirley Kellogg.

### A Provincial Tour.

But this will not be for some time. Although 4,000,000 playgoers have seen Miss Kellogg in London since England captured her from America, she has never yet appeared in a single provincial town. Now, however, Miss Kellogg will make a short starting tour through the principal cities of Great Britain. She will open at Birmingham. After this tour Miss Kellogg returns to her beloved London.

### Sentimental Baby-Killers.

I remember Lombroso—the famous Italian psychologist—once telling me that all cruel people are excessively sentimental. This is, at any rate, true so far as the German is concerned, for, despite his schwaermerei, he has proved himself a true Hun. Germans are sentimentally fond of Christmas trees—there is, I believe, a tradition that the Prince Consort introduced them to this country—and German soldiers at the front have been writing home asking for a little fir tree. Lack of imagination has induced people to send quite a forest of trees to the front, with the result that the German Army authorities now state that all trees sent will be used as fuel.

### A Lodging for the Night.

Travellers in France just now have to stay at all sorts of queer places for the night. A correspondent writes to me to say that he was forced to stop for the night at a little village near Rheims. "An old Frenchman and his wife, both over eighty years of age, gave me a room in their house," he writes.

### Again and Again.

"Before going to bed the old people talked about the war. They had been living together in this same house during the 1870 Franco-German War and, said the old man, 'it does not seem five minutes ago. While we have been living here, he went on, 'the German soldiers during the two wars have been billeted in this house no fewer than twenty-two times. During this war they have been backwards and forwards on three or four occasions."

### Gone for Good?

"These two old French people—the woman looked very sweet in her snow-white cap—actually kept a score of the number of times the Germans had been through the village in war time. Do you think they have now gone for good?" asked the old man. "Shall I ever have to make another mark on the score?"

### Shy with Their Gold.

Despite persuasive oratory, the German is proving himself very shy and gentle about parting with his gold to the Imperial Bank and exchanging it for paper money. Every day newspapers contain column-long articles cajoling readers to surrender their twenty-mark gold pieces, and thus "help to defeat England's ambition of killing German trade."

THE RAMBLER.

### Christmas Tree 30ft. High.

Three thousand Belgian refugees sat down to dinner at Earl's Court yesterday, and had presents from a Christmas tree 30ft. high.

### The Huns' Handiwork at Rheims.

The collection at the carol service at Westminster Abbey this afternoon will be given to the Rheims Cathedral Restoration Fund.

### Cupid's Business not "as Usual."

This has been the quietest Christmas on record for weddings, as so many couples put forward their marriages when the war broke out.

### "K. of K." Works on Christmas Day.

Work was relaxed somewhat at the Government departments yesterday, but Lord Kitchener visited the War Office and remained until lunch time.

### Christmas Day at the Press Bureau.

Christmas Day at the Press Bureau was celebrated by a dinner cooked by a Pressman, the menu including roast sirloin, potatoes, Brussels sprouts and pudding.

### Saved Wounded Comrades.

Private H. Graham (1st Royal Scots Fusiliers) has been awarded the medal for distinguished conduct for carrying two wounded comrades to safety under heavy fire.

### End of Wireless Mystery.

Statements which appeared in the Press on December 22 concerning an unauthorised wireless installation in a chimney at Liverpool, above, says a Post Office announcement, to be unfounded.

### Officer Dismissed the Service.

Temporary Lieutenant Vincent T. J. Eyre, late 1st Life Guards, employed as a railway conducting officer in France, says a *London Gazette* supplement, is to be dismissed the Service by sentence of a general court-martial.

### Free Travelling for Naval Men.

The Secretary of the Admiralty states that the grant of free railway passes has been approved in the case of officers and men in the Royal Navy, Royal Marines and Royal Naval Division proceeding on Christmas leave.

### Everything They Want.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. R. Burrows and the officers of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers write from France thanking most warmly the many kind friends who have kept the whole regiment so well supplied with every form of comfort.

### No Shirkers for Queensland.

BRISBANE, Dec. 24.—Mr. Denham, Prime Minister of Queensland, has instructed the Agent-General for Queensland in London to refuse immigration papers to all single men eligible for enlistment in the British Army.—Reuter.

### Have You Seen Whiskers?

Private G. Turner writes from the headquarters of the Artists' Rifles, Duke's-row, Euston-road, asking for help in recovering his little Yorkshire terrier named Whiskers, which he lost last Sunday in Mill-lane, West Hampstead.

### SERGEANT AS SANTA CLAUS.

PARIS, Dec. 24.—British soldiers recovering from their wounds in the hospitals of Paris and environs spent a good old-fashioned Christmas. "They are fairly spoiling the boys," said Sergeant Pitman, of the Northampton, whom I met at the Hertford British Hospital, at Levallois.

Disguised as Santa Claus, he paraded the wards, wearing the white beard and traditional cloak of Father Christmas.

The day's festivities began with real Christmas Day luncheon, including turkey, roast beef and plum pudding. A musical entertainment followed, at which Sir Francis Bertie, the British Ambassador, was present.

### YESTERDAY'S FOOTBALL.

THE LEAGUE.—Division I: Sheffield Wednesday (h) 3, Spurs (a) 0; Chelsea (h) 0, Manchester C. (a) 0; Aston Villa 2, Blackburn (h) 1; Sunderland 5, Newcastle (h) 2; Bradford (h) 1, Oldham 1; West Bromwich 2, Burnley (h) 0; Everton (h) 1, Bradford C. 1; Middlesbrough (h) 1, Notts County 0; Liverpool 1, Bolton (h) 0.

Division II: Birmingham (h) 1, Bury 0; Orient (h) 4, Barnsley 2; Hull Kingston 1, Arsenal 4; Leicester (h) 1, Leeds 3; Glossop (h) 0; Lincoln (h) 3, Preston 1; Notts Forest (h) 2, Derby 2.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—Brighton (h) 0, West Ham 0; Plymouth (h) 2, Cardiff 0; Watford (h) 1, Exeter 1; Southampton 1, Portsmouth 1; Millwall (h) 0, Crystal Palace 0; Rangers 3, Bristol (h) 1; Gillingham (h) 3, Norwich 3; Reading (h) 2, Swindon 2; Luton (h) 1, Nottm. 1.

NORTHERN UNION.—Halifax (h) 25 pts., Huddersfield (h) 20; Hart 10; Rochdale 4; Bradford (h) 5; Wigan 16; Kingston Rovers (h) 7; Dewsbury (h) 6; Wakefield 2; Warrington (h) 11, Leigh 6; Oldham (h) 17, Swinton 2.

### BOXING DAY SELECTIONS.

KEMPTON PARK.  
1.30.—HARE'S SELECTION. 2.30.—MOLLY'S BIRTHDAY.  
1.30.—BRITON. 3.0.—BRUCE.  
2.0.—COSHMA. 3.30.—ELGON.

HOOTON PARK.  
12.45.—FINCHALE. 2.45.—CORNOGROSS.  
1.45.—QUEEN MAAL. 3.15.—DABBER.  
2.15.—BALLYMAO.

CHELTENHAM.  
2.15.—Boxing Day Steeplechase.—ELLIS.  
3.35.—Charles the Christian.—HERPESUS MAGNUS.  
Double Event for To-day.  
MOLLY'S BIRTHDAY AND ELGON.  
BOUVERIE.

The chief event at the Ring to-night is a twenty-round contest between Willie Farrell and Jack Greenstock.

"TOMMY ATKINS" never at a loss to overcome difficulties, has solved the problem of the Christmas card by applying Cherry Blossom Balm to his feet. Made by makers of Cherry Blossom Balm Pollish.—(Adv.)



# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

## DO YOU KNOW

that the most acceptable Gift you can send to your soldier friend at the Front or to your friend Overseas is the OVERSEAS WEEKLY EDITION of THE DAILY MIRROR? You can obtain it TO-DAY from your Newsagent for 3d., or subscribe as follows:—

Post free, to Canada, for 6 months, 10/-; elsewhere abroad, 15/- (prepaid). Address—Manager, "Overseas Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard St., London, E.C.

### INDIAN TURBAN HAT.



Women are showing their patriotism by copying military fashions. A fashionable hat resembling an Indian turban of plaid silk.—(Creation by Leclercq, Paris; *Daily Mirror* photograph.)

### LONDON'S LOVELIEST "CINDERELLA."



Miss Julia James, the most beautiful woman on the English stage, who is playing Cinderella in the delightful pantomime at the Aldwych Theatre. Miss James is the ideal Cinderella of poetic romance, and her appearance at the Aldwych is quite the event of the theatrical season.

### BLOOMSBURY FIRE TRAGEDY.



Miss Lisette Nash (on left), a pantomime artist, appearing at the Dalston Theatre, was to have been married to Mr. Ernest Bangerten, who perished with his mother (on right), Mrs. Bangerten, in the fatal Bloomsbury fire which occurred in a dwelling-house.

### WOUNDED SOLDIERS OF FRANCE ARE NOT TOO ILL TO EAT CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.



Enjoying his Christmas pudding.



Cutting Christmas pudding with the bayonet.



Plum pudding for the wounded.

Although the Christmas festival is more popular in England and Germany than in any other countries, the brave soldiers of France will not be denied their Christmas plum pudding. They say they must eat in honour of their British Allies. Christmas pud-

ding is on the convalescents' menu now in all the French hospitals, and although the doctors may not entirely look upon it with favour it is quite the most popular dish on the bill of fare during the present season.

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